

## Bicycle by Plagg

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ok l i s t e n

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**Summary:**

Eleven wants to learn how to ride a bike; Mike gladly teaches her.

## Bicycle

### Author's Note:

AU where everything is OK and nothing hurts and Eleven is OK and lives with the Wheelers now.

“Mike, scared...” Eleven whispered. Her feet sat planted on the asphalt and her bottom hovered above the seat of Mike’s bicycle. She gripped the handlebars in a death grip, willing her nerves to dissipate.

“There’s nothing to be scared of, El,” Mike said gently, “I’ve got the seat; you won’t fall. I promise.”

With a deep breath, Eleven allowed herself to sit down and lessen her vice grip. She knew she could trust Mike; he was her best friend, which was even better than a friend.

“OK, put your feet on the pedals,” Mike said, breaking through her thoughts.

The girl lifted her right foot and placed it gently on the plastic jutting out from the bike. Said pedal tipped down with the pressure and she could feel the bike just barely move. “M-Mike,” Eleven opened her eyes and spun around to look at the boy, who just offered an encouraging smile. She breathed in deeply and turned back around, once again putting her hands on the handlebars and her right foot on the right pedal.

“Now put your other foot up, I’ve got you,” Mike said, tapping Eleven’s left side.

She lifted her left foot up as the right foot circled around, and soon after she pedaled an entire revolution. Heart pounding, blood pumping in her ears, Eleven felt herself begin to smile. She was riding a bike! All on her own! She started to pedal more, still slowly, as she inched down the gravel road.

“Mike, look!” Eleven squealed, turning around to look at the boy.

Only, he was several feet back, waving at her. Her eyes went wide, and within seconds the bike screeched to a halt.

“Ah, no, El!” Mike fussed, jogging over to her. “You were doing so good all on your own!”

“You promised,” Eleven whimpered, feet once again planted.

“I promised that you wouldn’t fall, and you didn’t,” Mike explained. Eleven crossed her arms and jutted her lower lip out slightly, a tactic she learned from Holly to get her way. “No, I didn’t break my promise, you can’t get to me!”

“Bad friend!” Eleven fussed, though she couldn’t fight off her smile. Mike swatted at her weakly, and the girl copied until they were in a full-blown slap-war where neither landed a hit. They laughed, Mike snatching Eleven’s hands.

“Let’s try again, yeah?” he said, moving to the behind and grabbing the seat.

Eleven huffed, shoulders drooping as she took the handlebars and placed her feet on the pedals. Once again, she started slowly as she looked behind herself to make sure Mike was still there. As she started to gain speed, Mike let go.

She watched him let go, but this time she kept going. She pedaled faster and faster, turning the handles to go back toward Mike. Eleven looped around him, giggling up a storm as he spun to watch her.

“You did it, El!” Mike praised, clapping when she stopped. Eleven grinned, dipping her head at the praises. He jogged over to her stopping place, holding her hand as she climbed off the bike. “That wasn’t so hard, was it?”

Eleven shook her head and stuffed her hands in her pockets. “I get my bike, now?” she asked, walking beside Mike as they headed home.

“Well, it should be easier to get my mom to say ‘yes’ now that you can actually ride by yourself,” Mike said. “If you pull that pouting thing again, I’d give you a solid ‘probably.’”

Eleven laughed. She hoped Mrs. Wheeler would let her get the bike she saw; it was such a pretty bike. The bike she liked was pink and had ribbons coming off of the handlebars as well as a basket attached to the front. It was quite a bit different from the bikes Mike and his friends had, but Eleven was quite a bit different from Mike and his friends.

Then again, even if she didn't get to have her bike, the afternoon wasn't a waste. She got to spend it with Mike, and he was proud of her. Even looking at him as they walked home, she could see him smiling. Yeah, he was really happy.